

# JEWISH ADVANCE

L. MANZ - CO - CHICAGO.

Execute the Judgment of Truth and Peace in your Gates. | יְהִי חֵן וְחַסֵּד שְׁלֹם שְׁפָטוּ בְּשַׁעְרֵיכֶם :

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## SONG.

By LULU M. W.

Blush, fair West, as the sun goes down,  
And send me happy morrows;  
Along the fair lakes' ferns and brakes  
Slant all your golden arrows.

Oh, let them speed into the east!  
Oh, let them fall and quiver!  
Where she doth stray at breaking day  
(Oh, that 'twere I were with her!)

And bid them tell her that I wait,  
While twilight shadows darken,  
Where cries the linnet to his mate;  
And if she will not hearken,

Then let them fade along the sky,  
And die in dreary token  
That she nor smiles nor sighs for me,  
Nor minds the heart she's broken!

(Chicago Times.)

## MRS. SHODDY

vs.

## MRS. CHAPKOVSKY.

### INTRODUCTION.

It was not a vision but a sight which took hold of all my mental capacities in a fearful manner. Nay, the impression I have conceived affects me still, while I am thinking. Why?—I can not tell. Hear it as I say for yourself, my most indulgent reader.

The time was eternity; the place, space; the scene, chaos; the actors were two fighting women; their weapons, the most formidable, tongues! One must have the patronage of all the muses of Olympus, and of all Saints of the Roman Calendar, were he to attempt an illustration of the particular deeds in order to depict the gallantry of the combatants. I can not boast of any such patronage, and must confine myself to the statement of dry facts.

Mrs. Shoddy spoke German with a pure accent. She formed her sentences with grammatical skill, although she found it necessary to insert every now and then an English word or a popular French expression (badly mutilated, of course), or even a word of Hebrew origin. Mrs. Chapkovsky spoke in a dialect of much greater variety. German, English, Polish, Russian, Hebrew and even Slavonic expressions gushed like a stream from her eloquent lips, in accents which defied description. But they both spoke fluently and much, and in strong terms. Their expressions were as sharp as arrows, and with equal swiftness did they fly to the butt. Where language could not reach, insinuations were conveyed by gestures and mimics on either side. In brief, one can not form an idea of the contest unless he had seen the like with his own eyes.

Mrs. Shoddy said that she was the ideal of a Jewish lady.

Mrs. Chapkovsky said that she was the ideal of a Jewish lady.

Either of them denied the claims of the other. And they were both so skillful with their weapons, that I wish to

heaven that neither of them may ever have an opportunity to try her skill on me. Should fate ordain such a mishap to befall me, Oh, Jupiter, condescend to let me know of it beforehand, in order that time be allowed me to make my will, and to arm myself with resignation.

If I were a poet I could make capital of the contest between Mrs. Shoddy and Mrs. Chapkovsky. I could, in the first place, give them classical names, such, for instance, as Helen and Andromache. It is recorded in the history of designing that these wilom Grecian ladies spent their leisure in weaving carpets. Helen wove in her carpet the designs of all the battles of which she had been the cause. Andromache wove in her carpet designs of flowers and fruits. Now, I could compare the domestic life of a Jewish husband with a carpet that is wrought by the hands of his helpmate. The husband of my Helen would then stalk on battles and contests. The happy companion of my Andromache would walk upon roses. Thus my story would have a grand classical tincture, and I would, no doubt, be amply remunerated for my trouble and genius. But I am no poet, and am compelled to treat my subject with the poor practical abilities Providence was pleased to grant me. Well, be it so, if it can not be otherwise, as a great Russian philosopher was in the habit of saying.

### PART I.

*Mrs. Shoddy and Husband; or, Hammer and Anvil.*

Jacob Shadetzky was the name of a happy individual who had imported himself, name and empty purse on a sailing vessel to these hospitable shores. He was a native of Balbirishok, of Russia-Poland, and the youngest brother of a family in which there had been four brothers beside him. The Czar, Nicholas I, of blessed memory, needed soldiers to be slaughtered around Sevastopol. The Jewish community of Balbirishok was on the list to procure two brave fellows from their midst for that laudable purpose of their Emperor, and Jacob Shadetzky had the best chance to be one of the required two. This most happy prospect for Jacob was not entirely suited to the taste of his aged mother, and as soon as the rumor of a *nabor* (draft into the army) was afloat, she set to work scheming plans through which her youngest boy should be saved from becoming a soldier. Her first idea was to make some arrangements with the city authorities. She went to the bailiff with the following proposal:

"My Jacob," she said, "is my youngest son, and it would be very hard for me if he were taken into the army and had to lead the rough life of a soldier. But our emperor needs men to kill the English and Frenchmen that came to Crimea. Now, I suppose a Russian soldier can

shoot down three or four foreigners. I would persuade my Jacob to kill double the number, if those foreigners were brought here, and he be saved the trouble of going so far from home to perform this task for our emperor."

But the bailiff was a hard-hearted man; he did not consent to enter upon such agreements, and said that Jacob would have to go wherever his superiors would order him. This failure, however, did not discourage old Kende. She devised other means to save her boy from the army. She resolved that he should escape into foreign lands. A great deal of discretion was necessary for carrying out this plan; for if anybody outside of the family circle would become aware that Jacob intended to fly, he might have been hindered in his purpose. But what would a mother not do for her child! Kende made the sacrifice of holding her tongue on that subject. When all preparations were made, and Kende took leave of her beloved boy, she dismissed him with the following remarks:

"As soon as you get out of Russia write me a note, informing me of your safety. Besides, that I will be anxious to hear from you, the silence that I will be compelled to keep till I know that you are out of danger may burst my heart. I can not advise you what to do in foreign countries, for I know nothing about them. My grand-mother, of blessed memory, was in the habit of saying:

"Where there is work to be done, there is also bread to be eaten." So if you are industrious, you will find your bread everywhere. I have heard that there is a country by the name of America, which is situated beneath our own land just like the ceiling of our room beneath the floor of the room above. The people there must, therefore, walk with their heads suspended in the air. I can not understand how they do it, but I hope that if you come to that country, you will learn to walk like the rest of the inhabitants. I would only tell you that when you put on your *Tephilin* in that country, you should fasten it on your head, so that it does not fall into the air and get lost."

Trifling as these remarks may seem to the reader, I have not noted them down merely for a joke. They express fully the ideas which our unsophisticated Russian friends have of the world; what confidence they have in industry and labor, and how they anticipate the danger which befalls their religious customs "in the air" of liberty. The experience of our hero (or rather, the future husband of our heroine) will illustrate the subject.

Jacob had the "propensity" of obedience (to use a phrenological phrase). He always obeyed his mother with a good will, and in this instance, too, hard as he felt to part from her, he obeyed her, and left Balbirishok without a mur-

mur. He succeeded in smuggling himself over to Germany. By his willingness to work, and his capacity to obey, he managed to get along very well. He strayed through Germany, France, and England, three or four years. His views and notions became a little cultivated by experience.

At last a benevolent society of London procured for him a free passage on a sailing vessel to America, on condition that he should work as a sailor during the passage. Some members of that society had maintained him in London for some time, giving him bread to eat and water to drink, every now and then also some cast-off clothes, for which generousities he had only to clean their houses, chop a little wood, or shovel coal at the dwellings of those benevolent men.

A few days after his arrival at New York Jacob Shadetzky had the good fortune to be recommended to John McAnything, Esq., the head of the firm of McAnything, O'Something & Co. of Chatham Street. As Jacob was a portly fellow and had a strong voice, he was employed in that establishment as a crier at the door. Subsequently he was promoted to the office of an inside clerk, and lastly he was raised to the honorable position of "lecturer." For the information of my readers I will state that the title of "lecturer" is bestowed on the auctioneers who sell goods at "Cheap John's."

The name of Shadetzky underwent as considerable a change as its bearer. It was shortened into Shoddy, to the great satisfaction of its owner, for the unfortunate "etzky" fell off, which is of great disadvantage to many a good, honest and industrious fellow.

When Jacob became a clerk of some note, he began to display marks of self-importance in society, and obtained the reputation of "a rising man." Some of his friends even considered him "a sharp fellow," judging by the practical jokes which he passed off on the audience at the establishment of his employees. But Mr. McAnything had a different opinion of him.

"Shoddy is a good hand," he would say, "he is sober, industrious and honest. The only thing he needs is a little 'smartness.' He has no idea how to invent a business trick or a joke when it is required. All you hear him say on the stand is put into his head by myself or by my partner, Paddy O'Something. We must watch every movement of his, that he should make no blunder, and we must train him like a child. To our training he is indebted for his success. But he is a good hand anyhow, and is sure to make his mark in our line."

When Shoddy went out on a Sunday, donned in his striped pants, variegated vest, and blue coat, and jewelry trifles sparkling on each spot where such things can be put on, he was the object of